1. 38. 2

As ſuch Pſalmes of Dauid as Thomas Sternehold late grome of ꝑ kinges Maieſties Robes, didde in his life time drawe into Engliſh Metre.

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EWR

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To the moste noble and Uerteous kyng our souerayne Lorde kyng Edward ẏ. vi. kyng of Englād, Fraunce, & Ireland, defender of the fayth, and in earth of the churche of England and also of Ireland ẏ supreme head, Thomas Sternholde Grome of hys Maiestyes Robes, wysheth increase of health, honour, and felycytye.

Although, most noble Soueraygne, the grosnesse of my wytte doeth not suffice to search out the secret misteries hiddē in the booke of psalmes, which by ẏ opinion of many learned men, comprehendeth the effecte of the whole Bible: yet trustīg to ẏ goodnes of God, whiche hath in hys hande the keye therof, whiche shutteth and no man openeth, openeth & no man shut-

teth, albeit I cānot geue to your Ma-
iestye great loaues therof, or bryng into
the lordes barne, full handfulles: yet
to thintente I woulde not appeare in
the harueft vtterlye ydle and barayne,
beyng warned with the example of the
dryefygtree, I am bolde to preſente
vnto your Maieſtye, a fewe crummes
whiche I haue pycked vp from vnder
the lordes boorde: and am glad with the
poore woman Ruth, the Moabyte, to
come behinde, and gather a fewe eares
of corne after the reapers, renderynge
thankes to almyghtye God, that hath
apoynted vs ſuche a kynge and go-
uernour, that forbydden not laye men
to gather, and leaze in the lordes har-
ueſte, but rather commaundeth ỹ rea-
pers to caſt out of theyr handfulles a-
mong vs, that we maye boldly gather
without rebuke: percepuing alſo that
your maieſty hath ſo ſearched ỹ foun-
taynes of the ſcriptures, that yet beyng
yoinge, you vnderſtande them better
then

then many elders, the verye meane to attaine to the perfecte gouernement of thys your realme, to goddes glory, the prosperytye of the publyque wealth, & to the comforte of all your Maiestyes subiectes. Keepyng further, that youre tender and Godlye zeale doeth more delighte in the holy songes of verytye, than in any fayned rymes of vanytye, I am encouraged to trauayle further in the sayd booke of Psalmes: trustyng that as youre grace taketh pleasure to heare thē songe sometymes of me, so ye wyll also delighte not onely to see and reade them your selfe, but also to commaūde thē to be song to you of others: that as ye haue the Psalme it selfe in your mynde, so ye may iudge mine endeuoure by youre eare. And yf I maye perceyue your Maiestye wyllyngly to accepte my wil herein, where my doing is no thanke worthy, and to fauour so this my beginnyng, that my labour be acceptable in perfourming the residue,

I shall indeuoure my selfe with dyly-
gence, not onelye to enterpryse that
which better learned oughte moze iust-
lye to dooe, but also to perfourme that
without faulte, whych your Ma-
iestye will receiue with iuste
thanke. The lozd of earth-
lye kynges, geue your
Grace daply increase
of honoure
and ver-
tue, I
fulfyll all
youre Godlye
requestes in hym,
without whose gyfte we
haue oz can obtayne
nothinge,
Amen.

The Psalmes of Dauid in Metre.

Beatus vir. Psal. i.

Howe happy be the ryghteous men,
thys Psalme declareth playne:
And howe the wayes of wycked men,
be damnable and vayne.

The man is bleste ỹ hath not gone
by wycked rede astraye:
Ne sat in chayre of pestylence,
nor walkte in synners waye.
But in the lawe of God the Lorde,
doth set hys whole delyghte:
And in that lawe doth exercyse,
hymselfe both daye and nyghte.
And as the tree that planted is,
fast by the ryuer syde:
Euen so shal he bryng furth his fruite
in hys due tyme and tyde.
Hys leafe shall neuer fall awaye,
but florysshe styll and stande:

Ech thyng shall prosper wonderous (well
that he doth take in hande.
So shall not the vngodly doe,
they shalbe nothyng so:
But as the dust whych from the earth,
the wyndes dryue to and fro.
Therfore shall not the wycked men,
in iudgemente stande vpryghte:
Ne yet in counsell of the iuste,
but shalbe voyde of myghte.
For why, the waye of Godly men,
vnto the lorde is knowne:
And eke the waye of wicked men,
shall quyte be ouerthrowne.

Quare fremuerunt. Psal. ii.

Howe heathē kinges did Christ withstand
yet he was kyng of all:
And of the counsell that he gaue,
to kynges testefy all.

Why did the gentiles fret and fume,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

The kinges and rulers of the earth
stode vp and dyd conuente:
Against the lord and Chryst his sonne
whych he amonge vs sente.

Shal we be bounde to thē, say they:
let all theyr bondes be broke:
And of theyr doctryne and theyr lawe
let vs reiecte the yoke.

But he that in the heauen dwelth,
theyr doynges wyll deryde:
And make thē al as mockyng stockes
throughout the worlde so wide.

For in his wrath ỹ lorde wyl speake
to them vpon a daye:
And in hys furye trouble them,
and than the lorde wyll saye.

Of hym was I appoynted kynge
vpon hys holy hyll:
To preache the people hys preceptes,
and to declare hys wyll.

For in thys wyse the lorde hym selfe
dyd saye to me I wotte:
Thou arte my deare and onely sonne,
to daye I the begotte.

All people I shall geue to thee,
as heires at thy request:
The endes and coastes of al the earth,
by thee shall be possest.

Thou shalt them rule and gouerne
and breake them lyke a God: (all
As thou wouldeste breake an earthen
euen with an yron rod. (pot,

Now be ye, O kynges and rulers all,
be wyse therfore and learnde:
By whome the matters of the worlde,
be iudged and discernde.

Be that ye serue the lorde aboue,
in tremblyng and in feare:
Be that with reuerence ye reioyce,
to hym in lyke manere.

Be that ye kysse and eke embrace,
hys blessed sonne I saye:
Lest in his wrath ye perysshe all,
and wander from hys waye.

For whan hys wrath full sodenly,
shall kyndle in hys brest:
Then all that put theyr truste in hym,
shall certaynly be blest.

Domine

Domine quid multiplicati. Psalm. 3.

The passyon here is figured,
and howe Christe rose agayne:
So is the Churche and faythfull men,
theyr trouble and theyr payne.

O Lorde howe many doe encrease,
and trouble me full sore:
Howe many saye vnto my soule,
God wyll hym saue no more:

But thou O Lorde arte my defence
when I am harde bestead:
My worshyp and mine honor both,
and thou holdst vp my head.

And with my voice vpon the lorde,
I do bothe call and crye:
And he out of hys holy hyll,
doth heare me by and by.

I layed me doune and quietly
I slepte and rose agayne:
For why, I knowe assuredly,
the lorde wyll me sustayne.

Ten thousande men haue compasse me
yet am not I afrayde: (for

For thou art ſtyll my Lorde my God,
my ſauyoure and neyne ayde.
Thou ſmyteſt all thyne enemyes,
euen on the harde cheke bone:
And thou haſt broken all the teeth
of eche vngodly one.
Saluacion onely doth belong
to thee, O lorde aboue:
Beſtowe therfore vpon thy folke,
thy bleſſyng and thy loue.

Cum inuocarem. Pſal. iiii.

God hearde the prayer of the churche,
mennes vanytyes are ſhente:
With ſacrytyce of ryghteouſnes,
the lorde is beſte contente.

O God that arte my ryghteouſnes,
Lorde heare me when I cal:
Thou haſt ſet me at lybertye,
when I was bonde and thrall.
O mortall men howe longe wyll ye
the glory of God deſpyſe:
Why wander ye in vanytye,
and folowe after lyes:
Knowyng that good and godly me,
the

the lorde doth take and chuse:
And when to hym I make my playnte
he doth not me refuse.

Sinne not, but stand in awe therfore,
examyne well thyne hearte:
And in thy chamber quyetly,
thou shalte thy selfe conuerte.

Offer to God the sacrifyce,
of ryghteousnes I saye:
And loke that in the liuyng lorde,
thou put thy truste alwaye.

The greater sorte craue worldlye
and ryches doe embrace: (goodes
But lorde graunt vs thy countenaūce,
thy fauoure and thy grace.

Wherewith thou shalt make all our
more ioyful and more glad: (heartes
Than they that of thy corne and wyne
full greate increase haue had.

In peace therfore lye doune wyll I
takyng my reste and slepe:
For thou art he that onely doest
all men in safetye kepe.

Verba mea auribus. Psal. v.

The

Domine ne in furore. Pſal. vi.

The troubled ſoule with ſynne oppreſſe
on God for grace doth call:
Though he ſometyme turue backe his face,
from fayth it doth not fall.

LOrd in thy wrath reproue me not
though I deſerue thyne Ire:
Ne yet correcte me in thy rage,
O lorde I thee deſyre.
For I am weake, therfore O Lorde
of mercy me forbeare:
And heale me lord, for why, ỹ knowest
my bones do quake for feare.
My ſoule is troubled very ſore,
and vexed vehemently:
But lorde, howe long wilt thou delay,
to cure my myſerye?
Lord turne the to thy wonted grace,
my ſely ſoule vp take:
Oh ſaue me, not for my deſertes,
but for thy mercyes ſake.
For why, no man amonge the dead,
remembreth thee one whytte:

Or who ſhall worſhyp thee, O Lorde,
in the infernal pyt?
So grieuous is my playnt & mone,
that I waxe wondrous faynt:
And waſhe my bed where as I couch,
with teares of my complaynt.
My beautye fadeth cleane awaye,
with anguiſhe of myne hearte:
For feare of thoſe that be my foes,
and woulde my ſoule ſubuerte.
But nowe awaye from me all ye,
that worke iniquitie:
For why ỹ lorde hath hearde the voice
of my complaynte and crye.
He hearde not onely the requeſte,
and prayer of my hearte:
But it receyued at my hande,
and tooke it in good parte.
And nowe my foes, that vexed me,
the lorde wyll ſoone defame:
And ſodenly confounde them all,
to theyr rebuke and ſhame.

Domine deus meus in te. Pſal. vii.

The churche agaynst her foes to God,
her sufferaunce doth declare:
The wicked which would worke deceite
are trapt in theyr owne snare.

O Lorde my God, I put my truste
and confidence in thee:
Saue me from them that me pursue,
and eke deliuer me.
Lest lyke a lyon they deuoure,
my soule in pieces small:
Whyles there is none to succour me,
and ryd me out of thral.
O lord my God if I haue done,
the thyng that is not ryght:
Or elles if I be founde in synne,
or gyltye in thy syght.
Or haue rewarded ill for ill,
to those that harmed me:
Or rashely robbe myne enemye,
with great extremitye.
Than let my foes pursue my soule,
and eke my lyfe downe thrust:
Unto the earth, and also laye,
myne honour in the dust.

If not, ſtert vp Lorde in thy wrath,
and put my foes to payne:
Perfourme thy vengeaunce promiſed
to ſuch as me dyſdayne.
And that thy flocke may come to the,
and knowe thee by thys thyng:
Exalte thy ſelfe in maieſtye,
as theyr chiefe lorde and kyng.
That art reuenger of al folke,
O lord reuenge thou me:
Accordyng to my ryghteouſnes,
and myne integritye.
Lord ceaſſe the hate of wicked men,
and be the iuſt mans gyde:
By whome the ſecretes of all heartes,
are ſearched and deſcryde.
I take my helpe to come of God,
in al my griefe and ſmarte:
That doeth preſerue al thoſe that be,
of pure and perfect heart.
For God a tryght reuenger is,
and pacient with hys power:
Ye threatneth ſtyl yet we prouoke,
hys vengeaunce euery houre.

And if we wyll not turne to hym,
the lorde wyll than begynne:
His sweord to whet, hys bowe to bend,
and stryke vs for our synne.
He wyll prepare his kyllyng tooles,
and sharpe hys arowes prest:
To stryke and pearse with vyolence,
the persecutours brest.
For why, the wycked trauailed,
in myschiefe men to caste:
Conceiued sorow and brought furthe
vngodly fraude at last.
And digde a caue and cast it vp,
in hope to hurte hys brother:
But he shall fall into the pyt,
that he dygde vp for other.
Thus wronge returneth to the hurte,
of hym in whome it bred:
And al ỹ mischiefe that he wrought
shall fall vpon hys head.
I wil geue thankes to god therfore,
that iudgeth ryghtwysely:
And w my song shal prayse the name,
of hym that is moste hye.

Domine

Domine dominus noſter. Pſal. viii.

Gods glory is ſo greate in earth,
That babes doe it declare:
So doth the ſtate of man, to whome
all creatures ſubiecte are.

IN earth O Lorde howe wonderful,
is thy greate maieſtye:
That lyfteth vp thy laude and prayſe,
aboue the heauens hye.
For why, the mouthes of ſuckyng babes,
thyne honour do diſcloſe:
Thou makeſt infantes ouercome,
thy myghtye mortall foes.
And when I ſee the heauens hygh,
the workes of thyne owne hande:
The Sunne the Moone and all the ſtarres,
in order as they ſtande.
What thyng is man, lorde, thinke I
that thou doſt hym remẽbre:
Or what is mannes poſterytye,
that thou doeſt it conſydre:
For thou haſte made hym lytle leſſe,
then Aungels in degree:
And thou haſt croumed him at laſte,

with glory and dygnitie.
Thou haſt prefard hym to be lorde,
of al thy woorkes of wonder:
And at hys feete haſt ſet al thynges,
that he ſhoulde kepe them vnder.
All ſhepe and neate, and all beaſtes
that in the fieldes doe feede: (els
Foules of the ayre, fyſhe in the ſea,
and al that therein breede.
Therfore muſt I ſay once agayne,
O lorde, that art our lorde:
Howe famouſe is thy maieſtye,
eſteemed throughe the worlde.

Confitebor tibi. pſal. ix.

The faythfull geue great thankes to God,
for that he doth deſtroye:
theyr enmyes al, and helpe the poore,
that none doth them annoye.

O Lord with al my heart and mind,
I wil geue thankes to thee:
And ſpeake of al thy wonderous woorkes vnſearcheable of me.
I wil be glad and much reioyce,
in thee, O God moſt hye:

And

And make my songes extol thy name,
aboue the starry skye.
For that my foes are driuen backe,
and turned vnto flyght:
They fal down flat and are destroyed
by thy great force and myght.
Thou hast reuenged all my wrong,
my grieke and al my grudge:
Thou dost with iustice heare my cause
most lyke a ryghteous iudge.
Thou dost rebuke the heathen folke
and wicked so confounde:
That afterward the memorye,
of them cannot be founde.
The force and weapon of thy foes,
thou takest cleane away:
When cities were destroyed by thee,
theyr name dyd eke decay.
But euermore in dygnytie,
the lord doeth rule and raygne:
And in the seate of equitie,
true iudgement doth mayntayne.
With iustice he doth kepe and gyde,
the world and euery wight:

With conscience and with equyte,
he yeldeth folke theyr tyght.
He is protector of the poore,
what tyme they be oppreſt:
He is in all aduerſytye,
theyr refuge and theyr reſt.
All they that knowe thy holy name,
therfore doe truſt in thee:
For thou forſakeſt not theyr ſute,
in theyr neceſſytie.
Sing pſalmes therfore vnto ỹ lord,
that dwelth in Syon hyll:
Publyſhe among the people playne,
hys counſels and hys wyll.
For he is myndefull of the bloude,
of thoſe that be oppreſt:
And pryneth ſtyll the poore mannes
within hys bleſſed breſt. (playnte,
And though my foes doe trouble me
thy mercy doth remayne:
Yea, from the gates of death, O lorde,
thou rayſeſt me againe.
In Syon that I ſhoulde ſet forth,
thy prayſe with hearte and voyce:

And

And that in thy saluacyon lorde,
my soule shoulde muche reioyce.
Whan Heathen folke tal in the pit,
that they themselues prepared:
And in the net that they doe set,
theyr owne feete finde they snarde.
Thus when ye see the wycked man,
lye trapte in hys owne warke:
God sheweth his iudgemēt, which wer
for worldely men to marke. (good,
The wycked and the synfull men,
goe downe to hel for euer:
And all the people of the worlde,
that wyll not God remember.
But sure the lorde wyll not forgette,
the poore maus grieke and payne:
The pacient people neuer looke,
for helpe of God in vayne.
Than lorde aryse lest men preuayle,
that be of worldly myght:
And let the heathen folke receyue,
theyr iudgement in thy syght.
Lord strike suche terrour, feare and
into the heartes of them: (drede,

That they may knowe assuredly,
they be but mortal men.

Vt quid domine. psal. x.

This psalme doth shew ye grienous playnt
of an afflicted mynde:
And setteth furth the wicked woorkes,
of persecutours blynde.

What is the cause ye thou O lord,
Wart now so farre fro thyne:
And kepest close thy countenaunce,
from vs thys troublous tyme?
The poore doth peryshe by ye proud,
and wicked mens desyre:
Let them be taken in the craft
that they themselues conspyre.
For of the lust of hys owne heart,
thungodly man doth bost:
And prayseth much the couetous,
whome God abhorreth most.
Thungodly is so proude that he,
of God accoumpteth nought:
He wil not cal on God to know,
his counsel & his thought. (wayes
But walketh wrong, for Lorde thy
be

be farre out of hys ſyght:
Wherfore he runneth to reuenge,
his enmies with diſpyght.
And tuſhe he ſayeth vnto hymſelfe,
as one deuoyde of grace:
I wil let ſlip no tyme, qꝺ he,
when malyce may take place.
Hys mouth is ful of curſednes,
of fraude dyſceyte and guyle:
Vnder hys tong doth ſorow ſyt,
and trauayle al the whyle.
He lyeth hyd in ſecrete ſtretes,
to ſlea the innocent:
Agaynſte the poore that paſſe him by,
hys cruel eyes are bent.
And lyke a lyon pryeuely,
lyeth lurkyng in hys denne:
If he may ſnare them in hys nette,
to ſpoyle poore ſymple men.
And for the nones ful craftely,
he croucheth downe, that they:
By coulour of hys humblenes,
may ſoone become hys pray.
Tuſhe god forgetteth thys ſayth he
therfore

therfore maye I be bolde:
Hys countenaunce is caſt aſyde,
he doth it not beholde.

Aryſe O lorde, O God, in whome
the poore mans hope doth reſt:
Lyft vp thyne hande forget not lorde,
the poore that be oppreſt.

What blaſphemye is thys to thee,
lorde doſt not thou abhorre it?
To heare the wycked in theyr heartes,
ſaye tuſhe thou carſt not for it.

But thou ſeeſt all thys wyckedneſſe,
and well doeſt vnderſtande:
That friendleſſe and poore fatherleſſe,
are lefte into thy hande.

Of wycked and malicyous men,
than breake the power for euer:
That they with theyr iniquytie
maye peryſhe altogether.

For thou doeſt raygne for euermore,
as lorde and God alone:
But all the Heathen of the earth,
ſhall peryſhe euerychone.

Lord harken to ỹ poore mens plaint
theyr

theyr prayer and requeſt:
Geue eare to ẏ, that thou haſt wrought
within the poore mans breſt.
Reuenge the poore and fatherleſſe,
and helpe them to theyr ryghte:
That they maye be no more oppreſſe,
with men of worldly myghte.

In domino confido. Pſal. xi.

Though faythfull men that truſt in God
be here in earth oppreſt:
Yet he from heauen ſeeth theyr griefe
and ooth prepare them reſte.

I Truſte in God, howe dare ye than,
ſaye thus my ſoule vntyll:
Flee hence as faſt as any fowle,
and hyde thee in thyne hyll.
Beholde, the wycked bende theyr bowes,
& make theyr arowes preſt:
To ſhote in ſecrete, and to hurt,
the ſounde and harmeles breſt.
That they may bring al godlyneſſe
to ruyne and decaye:
For as for iuſte and ryghteous men,
what can they doe or ſaye:

But he that in hys temple is,
moſt holy and moſt hye:
And in the heauen hath hys ſeate,
of royal maieſtye.

The poore and ſymple mans eſtate,
conſidereth in hys mynde:
And ſearcheth out ful narowly,
the maners of mankynde.

And with a cherefull countenaunce,
the ryghteous man doth vſe:
But in hys heart he doth abhorre,
al ſuch as miſchiefe muſe.

And on the ſynners caſteth ſnares,
as thycke as any rayne:
Of tempeſtes, ſtormes, and brimſtone
appoynted for theyr payne. (fyres

Ye ſee then howe a ryghteous God,
doth ryghteouſnes embrace:
And vnto trueth and equitie,
ſheweth furth hys pleaſaunt face.

Saluum me fac domine. pſal. xii.

The want of good men is bewayde,
ill tonges are threatned ſore:
Gods woorde is true, who ſayth he wil
the poore to ryght reſtore.

Helpe

HElpe Lorde, for good and godly men
doe perysshe and decay: (men
And fayth & trueth from worldly men,
is parted cleane awaye.

Whoso doth to hys neygbour talke
his talke is al but vayne:
For euery heart bethynketh howe,
to flatter lye and fayne.

But flatteryng and disceytful lippes
and tonges that be so stout:
To speake proude thynges agaynst
the lord wil sure cut out. (lord

Yet say they styl we wil preuayle,
our tonges shal vs extolle:
Our tonges are ours, we ought to
what lord shal vs controlle: (speake

But for the great complaynt & crye,
of poore and men oppressed:
Aryse wil I now sayth the lorde,
and helpe them al to rest.

Gods woorde is lyke to syluer pure,
that from the earth is tryde:
And hath no lesse then seuen tymes,
in fyre bene purifyde.

Nowe

Nowe ſince thy promes is to helpe,
lorde kepe thy promes then:
And ſaue vs from the curſednes,
of this yll kynde of men.
For nowe the wycked worlde is full,
of miſchiefes manyfolde:
When vanytye with mortal men,
ſo hyghly is extolde.

Vſquequo domine. Pſal. xiii.

Though God ſometyme ſeme to forget
thafflictyon of the iuſte:
At hym alone they ſeeke relefe,
and in hys mercye truſte.

HOw long wilt ỹ forget me lorde,
ſhall I neuer be remembred:
Howe long wilt thou thy viſage hyde,
as though thou were offended:
In heart & mynde, how long ſhal I,
with care tormented bee:
Howe longe eke ſhal my deadly foe,
thus tryumphe ouer me:
Beehold me nowe my lorde my God,
relyeue me with thy breath:
Lyghten myne eyes in ſuche a wyſe,

that

that I slepe not in death.
Lest thus myne enmye say to me,
beholde I doe preuayle:
Lest they also that hate my soule,
reioyce to see me quayle.
But from the mercy of the lorde,
my hope shall neuer starte:
In whose reliefe and sauing health,
tyght ioyful is myne heart.
Who dealt with me so louyngly,
that I haue cause to syng:
In prayse of hys most holy name,
that is most myghty kyng.

Dixit insipens. psal. xiiii.

¶ The wicked say there is no God,
mans woorkes are al infect:
Perishe shal they that trust therin,
grace saueth the elect.

There is no God, as foolyshe men,
affyrme in theyr mad moode:
Theyr study is corrupt and vayne,
not one of them doth good.
The lord beheld from heauen hygh
the maners of mankynde:

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And ſaw not one that ſought about,
hys lyuyng God to fynde.
They went al wyde & were corrupt,
and truely there was none:
That in the world dyd any good,
I ſay there was not one.
Did they knew god or wurſhip him
that were to ſwiftly led:
My people to deuoure and ſpoyle,
and eate them vp lyke breade
But they ſhal feele a fearful tyme,
when God ſhal ſay to them:
Standyng among the company,
of good and ryghteous men.
Ye mockte the counſel of the poore,
on God when they dyd cal:
But they dyd put theyr truſte in God,
and he dyd helpe them al.
But who ſhal geue thy people helth,
and when wilt thou fulfil:
The promiſe made to Iſrael,
from out of Syon hyll.
And turne theyr thral to liberty,
in bond that long are lad:

That

That Jacob may therin reioyce,
and Israel may be glad.

Domine quis habitabit. psal. xv.

To those that leade a Godly lyfe,
the lord doth promise rest:
The fruites of theyr vnfayned fayth,
are lyuely here exprest.

O Lord within thy tabernacle,
who shal inhabite styl?
Or whome wilte thou receyue to reste,
in thy most holy hyl?

The man whose lyfe is vncorrupt,
whose woorkes are iust and streyght:
Whose heart doth speake ỹ very truth
whose tong doth no dysceyte.

Nor to hys neyghbour doth none il,
in body goodes or name:
Ne seeketh not to bryng hys frend,
to take rebuke and shame.

That in hys hearte regardeth not,
malicious wicked men:
But those that loue and feare the lord
he maketh much of them.

His othe and al hys promises,

that kepeth faythfully:
Although he make hys couenaunt so,
that he doth lose therby.
That putteth not to vsury,
hys money and hys coyne:
Ne for to hurte the innocent,
doth bribe or els purloyne.
Whoso doth al thyng as ye see,
that here is to be done:
Shal neuer perysshe in thys worlde,
nor in the world to come.

Conserua me domine. psal. xvi.

We nede no bloudy sacrifyce,
Christ once for al was slayne:
And rose agayne from death and hel,
they could hym not retayne.

LOrde kepe me for I trust in thee,
and doe confesse in deede:
Thou arte my God, and of my good,
O Lorde thou hast no neede.
I geue my goodnes to the sainctes,
that in the world doe dwel:
And namely to the faythful flocke,
in vertue that excel.

As

As for theyr bloudy sacrifyce,
and offrynges of that kynde:
I wil haue none, nor yet theyr name,
for to be had in mynde.

For why the lord the porcion is,
of myne inheritaunce:
And he it is that wil restore,
to me my lot and chaunce.

The place wherin my lot dyd fal,
in beauty dyd excell:
Myne heritage allynde to me,
doth please me wonders wel.

I thanke the lord that counseld me,
to vnderstande the ryght:
By whose aduyse I seeke remorse,
of conscience in the nyght.

I set the lord before myne eyes,
and trust hym ouer al:
And he doth stand on my ryght hand,
lest I might happlye fal.

Wherfore my heart is very glad,
my glory much increast:
That at the last I shalbe sure,
my flesche in hope shal reast.

Thou wilt not leaue my ſoule in hell,
for lord thou loueſt me:
Nor yet wilt geue thyne holy one,
corrupcion for to ſee.
But rather to the path of lyfe,
wilt gladly me reſtore:
For at thy ryght hand is my ioy,
and ſhalbe euermore.

Exaudi domine. pſal. xvii.

Gods churche mans doctrine doth deſpiſe,
hys woord alone is truſt:
The worldly wiſhe none other welth,
but here to lyue at luſt.

O Lord heare out my right requeſt,
attend when I complayne:
And heare the prayer that I put furth
with lyppes that doe not fayne.
And let the iudgement of my cauſe,
procede alway from thee:
For thou doeſt ponder and perceyue,
what thyng is equitie.
Serche out and trye me in the night
and thou ſhalt nothyng fynde:
That I haue ſpoken with my tong,

that

that was not in my mynde.
But from the workes of wicked men
and pathes peruerse and ill:
For loue of thy most holy woorde,
I haue refrayned styl.
Than in thy pathes ỹ be most pure
lord thou mayst me preserue:
That from the waye wherin I walke,
my steppes may neuer swerue.
For I doe cal to thee, O lorde,
for succour and for ayde:
Than heare my prayer and way ryght
the wordes that I haue sayd. (wel
Be good to those that trust in thee,
and in thy fayth do stande:
But pytye not those that resyst,
the power of thy ryght hande.
And kepe me lorde as thou wouldst
the apple of thyne eye: (kepe
And vnder couert of thy wynges,
defende me secretly.
From wicked men that trouble me,
and dayly me annoye:
And from my foes that goe about,

my soule for to destroye.
Whiche wallowe in theyr worldlye
ioyful and eke so fat: (welth,
That in their pryde they doe not spare
to speake they care not what.
They lye in wayte where I should
with craft me to confounde: (passe
And musyng mischiefe in theyr mindes
they cast theyr eyes to grounde.
Much lyke a lyon gredely,
that would hys pray embrace:
Or lurkyng lyke a lyons whelpe,
within some secret place.
Up lorde and ouerturne these folke,
dysperse them lyke a God:
Redeme my soule from wicked men,
which are thy sweord and rod.
I meane frō worldly men, to whome
al worldly goodes are ryfe:
That haue no hope nor parte of ioye,
but in thys present lyfe.
But of thy store for to be fylde,
with pleasure to theyr mynde:
And to haue children vnto whome,
they

they may leaue al behynde.
But I shal come before thy face,
both innocent and cleare:
And al my ioy shalbe when thou,
in glory shalt appeare.

Celi enarrant. psal. xix.

Al creatures set Gods glory furth,
hys woord and law doth fyl,
The world throughout, as hony swete,
conuerting soules from yll.

The heauens and the fyrmamente,
do wonderfly declare:
The glory of God omnipotent,
hys woorkes and what they are.
Eche day declareth by hys course,
an other day to come:
And by the nyght we knowe lykewise,
a nyghtly course to runne.
Ther is no lãguage, tong or speche,
where theyr sound is not heard:
In al the earth and coastes therof,
theyr knowledge is conferd.
In them the lord made royally,
a settle for the sunne:

Where lyke a Gyant ioyfully,
he nyght hys iourney runne.
And all the ſkye from ende to ende,
he compaſt round about:
No man can hyde hym from his heate
but he wil fynd hym out.
So perfit is the law of God,
hys teſtimony ſure:
Conuertyng ſoules, and maketh wiſe,
the ſymple and obſcure.
Juſt is the iudgement of the lorde,
and gladdeth heart and mynde:
Pure hys precept and geueth lyght,
to eyes that be ful blynde.
The feare of God is very cleane,
and doth endure for euer:
The iudgementes of the lord are true,
and tyghteous altogether.
And more to be embraſt of thee,
then fyned golde I ſay:
The hony and the hony combe,
are not ſo ſwete as they.
By them be al thy ſeruantes taught,
to haue thee in regarde:

And

And in performance of the same,
there shalbe great rewarde.
But lorde what earthly man doeth
how oft he doth offende? (know
Than cleanse my soule from secret sinne
my lyfe that I may mende.
And kepe me ỹ presumpteous sinnes
preuayle not ouer me:
And than shal I be innocent,
and great offences free.
Accept my mouth and eke my heart,
my woordes and thoughtes echeone:
For my redemer and my strength,
O lord thou art alone.

Exaudiat te deus: psal. xx.

As God preserued Christe hys sonne,
in trouble and in thral:
So when we cal vpon the Lorde,
he wil preserue vs al.

IN trouble and aduersitie,
the lorde wil heare thee styl:
The maiestye of Jacobs God,
wil thee defende from ill.
And send thee from hys holy place,
hys

hys helpe at euery neede:
And ſo in Syon ſtablyſhe thee,
and make thee ſtrong in deede.
Remembryng wel the ſacrifyce,
that thou to hym haſt done:
And doth receyue tyght thankefully,
thyne offerynges euerychone.
Accordyng to thy heartes deſyre,
the lord wil geue to thee:
And al thy counſel and deuyſe,
ful wel perfourme wil he.
In thy ſaluacion we reioyce,
and magnifye the lorde:
That thy peticions and requeſt,
preſerued with hys woorde.
The lorde will hys annoynted ſaue,
I knowe wel by hys grace:
And ſend him helth frō his right hand
out of his holy place.
In charettes ſome put confydence,
and ſome in horſes truſt:
But we remembre God our lord,
that kepeth promiſe iuſt.
They fal downe flat, but we do ryſe
and

and stand vp stedfastly:
Now saue and helpe vs lorde & kyng,
on thee when we doe crye.

Domine in virtute tua. psal. xxi.

Christes kyngdome here he doth describe,
with hys eternal power:
All that ryse vp hym to resyst,
hys ryght hand shal devoure.

O Lord how ioyful is the kyng,
in thy strength and thy power:
How vehemently he doth reioyce,
in thee hys sauiour.
For thou hast geuen vnto hym,
hys godly heartes desyre:
To hym haste thou nothyng denyde,
of that he dyd require.
Thou dydst preuente hym with thy (giftes
and blessinges manyfold:
And thou hast set vpon hys head,
a croune of perfit golde,
And whan he asked lyfe of thee,
therof thou madest hym sure:
To haue long lyfe, yea such a lyfe,
as euer should endure.

Great

Great is hys glory by thy helpe,
thy benefite and ayde:
Great wurſhyp & great honour both,
thou haſt vpon hym layde.

Thou wilt geue hym felicitie,
that neuer ſhal decay:
And with thy cheerefull countenaunce,
wilt comfort hym alway.

For why ỹ kyng doth ſtrongly truſt
in God for to preuayle:
Therfore his gooodnes and his grace
wil not that he ſhal quayle.

But let thyne enmies feele thy force,
and thoſe that thee withſtande:
Fynde out thy foes, and let them feele
the power of thy ryght hande.

And lyke an ouen burne them lorde
in fyrye flame and fume:
Thyne anger wil deſtroy them al,
and fyre wil them conſume.

And thou wilt roote out of the earth
theyr fruite that ſhould increaſe:
And from the number of thy folke,
theyr ſeede ſhal end and ceaſe.

For why muche mylchiefe dyd they
agaynſt thyne holy name: (muſe
Yet dyd they fayle and had no power,
for to perfourme the ſame.
Therfore ſhalt thou right valeantly
put them to flight and chaſe:
And charge thy boweſtringes redilye,
agaynſt thyne enmies face.
Be thou exalted lord therfore,
in thy ſtrength euery houre:
So ſhal we ſyng tyght ſolemnely,
prayſyng thy myght and power.

Ad te domine leuaui. pſal. xxv.

For ayde agaynſt her enemies,
the faythful churche doth pray:
For pacience in aduerſitie,
and for the perfect way.

I Lift myne heart to thee,
my God and guyde moſt iuſt:
Now ſuffer me to take no ſhame,
for in thee doe I truſt.
Let not my foes reioyce,
nor make a ſcorne of me:
And let them not be ouerthrowne,

that put theyr trust in thee.
Confounded are al such,
whose doinges are but vayne:
O lord therfore thy pathes and wayes
declare vnto me playne.
Dyrect me in thy strength,
and teache me I thee pray:
Thou art my God and sauiour,
that helpest me euery day.
Thy mercies manifolde,
I pray thee lorde remembre:
And eke thy pitie plentiful,
that doth endure for euer.
Remembre not the faultes,
and frayltie of my youth:
Remembre not how ignorannt,
I haue bene of thy trueth.
Nor after my desertes,
let me thy mercy fynde:
But of thyne owne benignitie,
lord haue me in thy mynde.
Hys mercy is ful swete,
his trueth the perfit way:
Therfore the lord wil geue a lawe,

to them that goe astraye.
For all the wayes of God,
are trueth and mercy both:
To them that seke hys testamente
the witnes of hys troth.
Now for thy holy name,
O Lorde I the intreate:
To graunte me pardon for my synne,
for it is wonderous greate.
Whoso doth feare the lorde,
the lorde doth hym directe:
To leade his lyfe in suche a waye,
as he doth beste accepte.
Hys soule shall euermore
in goodnes dwell and stande:
His seede and hys posterytie,
inheryte shall the lande.
To those that feare the lorde
he is a fyrmament:
And vnto them he doth declare,
hys will and testamente.
My eares and eke my hearte,
to hym I will aduaunce:
That pluckt my feete out of the snare,

As they deſerue in deede:
And after theyr inuencions,
let them receiue theyr meede.
They not regard the worckes of god,
hys lawe ne yet his loze:
Therfoze wil he theyr worckes and the
deſtroye foz euermoze.
To render thankes vnto the Lozde,
howe greate a cauſe haue I:
My voice, my praier and my cõplaint
that heardeſt wyllyngly.
He is my ſhylde and foztitude,
my buckler in diſtreſſe:
My hope, my helpe, my heartes relefe,
my ſonge ſhall hym confeſſe.
He is oure ſtrength and our defence,
oure enmyes to reſyſte:
The health and the ſaluacion,
of hys elecie by Chriſte.
Thy people and thyne heritage,
thy bleſſed worde preſerue:
Extoll thy flocke with faithfull foode
that they maye neuer ſwerue.

Aſſerte

Afferte domino. Psal. xxix.

As Dauid did the temple decke
with yearthly sacrifyce:
So Christes churche with spirituall gyftes,
Ye muste adorne likewyse.

GEue to the Lorde ye potentates
and prynces of the worlde:
Ye rammes that gyde the Christen flocke,
geue laude vnto the lorde.

Geue glory to hys holy name,
and honor hym alone:
Worshyp him in hys Maiestye,
within hys holy throne.

His voyce doth rule the waters all
euen as himselfe doth please:
He doth prepare the thunderclappes,
and gouerneth all the seas.

Of vertue is the voyce of God,
and wonderous excellente:
Of full great purpose and effecte,
and muche magnifycente.

His voyce doth breake in Lybanus,
the Cedre trees full longe:

Which for theyr highnes are compard
to myghtye men and stronge.

Whome God wil stryke with feare
and make them al as mulde: (fulnes,
As calues that come to sacryfice,
or vnycornes full wilde.

His voyce deuydeth flames of fyer,
and shaketh the wyldernesse:
He maketh the deserte quake for feare,
that called is Cades.

His voyce doth make ỹ wylde hartes
and maketh the couert plaine: (tame.
And in his temple euery man,
his glory doth proclaime.

He stayed the rage of Noes floude,
and stopped the red see:
And kepeth his seat as lorde and king
in his eternytee.

The lorde doth geue hys people po-
in vertue to increase: (wer
The lorde doth blesse hys people eke
with euerlastynge peace.

Beati quorum. Psal. xxxii.

God

God promyseth saluacion
to the repentaunce hearte,
Of hys mere mercye and hys grace,
not for the mannes deserte.

THe mã is bleste whose wickednes
the lorde hath cleane rempted:
And he whose synne and wretchednes
is hyd alto and couered.

And bleste is he to whome the lorde
imputeth not hys synne:
Whych in his hearte hath hyd no gile
nor fraude is founde therin.

For whiles ẏ I kepte close my synne,
in sylence and constraynte:
My bones did weare and waste away
with daylye mone and playnte.

For night and day thy hande on me
so greuouse was and smerte:
That all my bloud and humors moist
to drynesse dyd conuerte.

But when I had confest my faultes
and shroue me in thy sighte:
My selfe accusynge of my synne,
thou dyddest forgeue me quyte.

Let euery good man praye therfore,
and thanke the lorde in tyme:
And then ꝑ floudes of euyll thoughtes
shall haue no power of hym.
When trouble and aduersytye,
doe compasse me aboute:
Thou art my refuge and my ioye,
and thou doest ridde me oute.
I shal instructe thee sayth the lorde,
howe thou shalt walke and serue:
And bende mine eyes vpon thy waies,
and so shall the preserue.
Be not therfore so ignoraunte,
as is the asse and mule:
Whose mouth without a rayne or byt
ye cannot gide or rule:
For many be the myseryes
that wycked men sustayne:
Yet vnto them that trust in God,
hys goodnesse doth remayne.
Be mery therfore in the lorde,
ye iuste lyfte vp youre voyce:
And ye of pure and perfect hearte
be glad and eke reioyce.

Benedicam dominum Psal. xxxiiii.

The Prophete Dauid prayseth God, warnynge vs to forbeare: From euyll, and exhorteth vs to lyue in godly feare.

I Wyll geue laude and honor bothe vnto the lorde alwayes: And eke my mouth for euermore, shall speake vnto hys prayse.

I do delyghte to laude the Lorde, in soule and eke in voyce: That symple men that suffer payne, maye heare and so reioyce.

Therfore see that ye magnyfye, with me the lyuyng Lorde: And let vs nowe exalte hys name together with one accorde.

For I my selfe besought the Lorde, he aunswered me agayne: And me delyuered incontinente, from all my feare and payne.

Whoso they bee that hym beholde, and shewe hym theyr vnrest: He dasheth not theyr countenaunce,

but graunteth theyr requeſte.
Who ſo in theyr aduyctyons,
vnto the lorde doth call:
He heareth theyr ſute without delaye
and rydth them out of thrall.
The Aungel of the lorde doth pitche
his tentes in euery place:
to ſaue all ſuche as feare the lorde,
that nothyng them deface.
Se and conſyder well therfore,
that God is good and iuſte:
And they be bleſte that put in hym,
theyr onely fayth and truſte.
Feare ye the lorde hys holy ones,
aboue all earthly thynge:
For they that feare the lyuynge lorde,
are ſure to lacke nothynge.
The mighty and the ryche ſhal want,
yea, thyrſte and hunger muche:
But as for them that feare the lorde
no lacke ſhall be to ſuche.
Come nere therfore my children dere
and to my worde geue eare:
I ſhall you teache the perfecte waye,

howe

howe you the lorde shoulde feare.

Whoso woulde leade a blessed lyfe
must earnestly deuyse:
Hys tonge and lyppes from al deceite
to kepe in any wyse.

And turne hys face from doyng yll
and doe the godly deede:
Enquyre for peace and quietnes,
and followe her with speede.

For why, the eyes of God aboue
vpon the iuste are bente:
Hys eares lykewyse are geuen muche
to heare the innocente.

The lorde doth frowne & bende his (browes
vpon the wycked trayne:
And cutteth awaye the memorye,
that shoulde of them remayne.

But whan the iust do call and crye,
the lorde doth heare them so:
That out of payne and mysery,
forthwith he letteth them go.

The lorde is kynde and mercyfull,
to suche as be contrite:
He saueth also the sorowfull

the

the meke and poore in spyrite.
Full many be the mysteries,
that ryghteous men do suffer:
But out of al aduersyties
the lorde doth them delyuer.
The lorde doth so preserue and kepe
the bones of hys alwaye:
That not so muche as one of them
dothe perysshe or decaye.
The wycked dye full wzerchedlye
they seke none other boote:
And those that hate the righteous me,
are pluckte vp by the roote.
But they that serue the liuyng lorde
the lorde doth saue them sounde:
And who that put theyr truste in hym
nothynge shall them confounde.

Beatus qui intelligit. psal. xli.

The Lorde wil helpe that man agayne
that helpeth poore and weake
The passion here is sygured,
and resurrection eke.

The man is blesse that carefull is
the nedy to consyder:

For

For in the season perylous,
the lorde wyll hym delyuer.

The lord wil make him safe & sound
and happy in the lande:
And he wyll not delyuer hym,
into hys enmies hande.

And in hys bed when he lyeth sycke,
the lorde wyll hym restore:
And thou O lorde wilt turne to helth,
hys syckenes and hys sore.

And in my syckenes thus saye I,
haue mercy lorde on me:
And heale my soule which is full woe
that I offended thee.

Myne enmyes gaue me yll reporte,
and thus of me they saye:
When shall he dye, that all hys name
maye vanysche quyte awaye?

And where as they goe in and out
for to beholde and see:
They muse muche myschiefe in theyr
what so theyr sayinges be. (hearts

Myne enmies runne against me all
together on a throngе:

To

To take a counsaile, and conspire,
howe they maye do me wronge.
Agreing on a wicked worde,
and do determyne playne:
Be he destroyed with death saye they
he shall not ryse agayne.
The man eke that I trusted moste,
with me dyd vse dysceite:
Whiche eate with me the bread of lyfe
the same for me layed wayte.
Haue mercy lorde on me therfore
and let me be preserude:
That I maye render vnto them
the thynges they haue deserude.
By thys I knowe assuredlye,
to be beloued of thee:
When that mine ennies haue no cause
to tryumphe ouer me.
Because that I am innocente,
lorde strength me I the praye:
And in thy presence poynte my place,
where I shall dwell for aye.
The lorde the God of Israell,
be praysed nowe therfore:

Whyche

Whiche hath bone euerlastinglye,
and shalbe euermore.

Iudica me. Psal. xliii.

The woful mynde whome wicked men
woulde with theyr yll infecte:
Doth call to God for lyght and truth,
hys steppes for to dyrecte.

IUdge and defend my cause O lorde
from those that euil be:
From wicked and discetiful men,
O lorde deliuer me.
For of my strēgth thou art the god,
why puttest me thee fro?
And why walke I so heuilye,
oppressed with my foe?
Sende out thy lyght & eke thy truth
and leade me with thy grace:
Brynge me vnto thy holy hyll,
and to thy dwellynge place.
That I maye to the alter goe,
of God my Joye and cheace:
And on my harpe geue thākes to thee,
O God, my God moste deare.
Why art thou than so sad my soule,

thus troubled and afrayde:
Styll truste in God for yet wyll I
geue thankes to hym for ayde.

Deus auribus. Psal. xliii.

Gods people shewe howe wonderly
he holpe theyr fathers olde:
And muche lament that nowe from them
hys hande he doth withholde.

OUr eares haue heard our fathers
and reuerently recorde: (tell
The wonderous workes ỹ thou haste
in alder tyme O lorde. (done
Howe thou didst weede the gentiles
& stroied thē with strong hand: (out,
Planting oure fathers in theyr place,
and gauest to them theyr lande.
It was not lorde our fathers sword
that purchast them that place:
It was thy hāde, thine arme, thy light,
thy countenaunce and grace.
Thou art the kyng oure God that
Jacob in sondrye wise: (holpe
Led with thy power wee threwe doune
as did agaynste vs tyse. (suche

We

We trusted not in bow ne sweorde,
they could not saue vs sound:
Thou keptst vs frō our enmies rage,
thou dydst our foes confound.
And styll we boast of thee our God,
and prayse thyne holy name:
Yet now thou goest not with our host
but leauest vs to shame.
Wherby we flee before our foes,
and so be ouertrode:
Yea killed of heathen folke like shepe,
and scattered al abrode.
Thy people thou hast solde lyke sla-
in open market steede: (ues,
For no rewarde as though they were,
of none accoumpt in deede.
And to our neyghbours thou hast
of vs a laughing stocke: (made
And those that round about vs dwel,
at vs doe grynne and mocke.
The gentiles talke, ẏ people scorne,
we be ashamed to see:
How ful of flaunder and reproche,
our wicked enmies be.

For al this we forgot not thee,
nor yet thy couenaunt brake:
We turne not backe our heartes from thee
nor yet thy pathes forſake.
Yet ẏ haſt trode vs downe to duſte,
where dennes of dragons be:
And couered vs with deadly darke,
and great aduerſitie.
And if we had forgot thy name,
and helpe of Idoles ſought:
Than hadſt thou cauſe vs to correcte,
but Lorde thou knoweſt our thought.
And how that for thy ſake, O lorde,
we be tormented thus:
As ſhepe were to the ſhambles ſent,
right ſo they deale with vs.
Vp lorde why ſlepeſt thou awake,
and leaue vs not for al:
Why hydeſt thou thy countenaunce,
and doeſt forget our thral?
For downe to duſt our ſoule is brought:
our wombe to erth doth take:
Aryſe, helpe and deliuer vs
lord for thy mercies ſake.

Andite

Audite hec gentes psal. xlix.

¶ Though riche men doe oppresse the poore,
discourage not therefore:
For vaynely trusting in theyr goodes,
they perishe euermore.

ALL people hearken and geue eare
to that that I shal tel:
Both high & lowe, both ryche & poore,
that in the world doe dwel.
For why my mouth shall make dyscourse
of many thinges right wise:
In vnderstanding shal my heart,
his study exercise.
I will enclyne myne eare to knowe,
the parables so darke:
And open al my doutful speche,
in Metre on my harpe.
The wicked dayes and euil tyme,
why should I feare and doubt:
When the oppressours myschieuous,
doe compasse me about?
For some there bee that riches haue,
in whome theyr trust is most:
And of theyr treasures infinyte,

themselues doe bragge and boast.
No man can yet by any meane,
hys brothers death redeme:
Or make agreement accepta-
ble vnto God for hym.
Or pay the raunsome for hys soule,
that he may lyue for euer:
And taste of no corrupcion,
thys lyeth in no mans power.
We see that wyse men dye as soone,
as foolyshe men and fonde:
And both doe leaue to other men,
theyr goodes and eke theyr londe.
Although they builde them houses
and doe determine sure: (fayre
To make theyr name tyght greate in
for euer to endure. (yearth
We see agayne it is not geuen,
with ryches to haue rest:
But in that poynt a ryche man is,
compared to a beast.
This is the foolishe way they walke
with pompe to get them fame:
And al theyr frendes that folow them
doe

doe much commend the same.
Whome death wil soone deuour like
whan they are brought to hel: (shepe
Then shal the iust in lyght reioyce,
whan they in darkenes dwel.
Yet for al this I trust that God,
wil saue my soule from payne:
And from al suche infernal power,
and comfort me agayne.
If any man ware wonders riche,
feare not I say therfore:
Although the glory of hys house,
increaseth more and more.
For whē he dyeth of al these thinges
nothing shal he receyue:
His glory wil not folow hym,
hys pompe wil take her leaue.
Yet in this lyfe he taketh hymselfe,
the happiest vnder sunne:
And doth commend al other men,
that doth as he hath done.
But when he shal goe to hys kynde,
where hys forefathers be:
He shal hys felowes fynde full darke,

that light shal neuer see.
A foolishe man whome riches hath,
to honour thus prefard:
That doth not know and vnderstand
is to a beast compard.

Deus deus meus. psal. lxiii.

¶ Wheras Christes kingdome is oppressed,
the iust desyre of God:
Aboue al welth that his pure woorde,
may freely come abroad.

O God my God I watche to come,
to thee in al the hast:
For why, my soule and body both,
doe thyrste of thee to taste.
As droughte of earth woulde water
so I desyre eche houre: (haue
For to beholde thy holy house,
thy glory and thy power.
Thy goodnes passeth worldlye lyfe,
and these vncertayne dayes:
My lippes therfore shall geue to thee,
due honour laude and prayse.
And whyles I liue I will not fayle,
to worshyp thee alway:
And in thy name I shal lyft vp,

my

my handes when I doe pray.
My soule is greatly satisfyde,
and fareth wonders wel:
Whan ỹ my mouth with ioyful lippes
thy laude and prayse doth tell.
Both in my bed I thynke of thee,
and in the euening tyde:
For vnder couert of thy winges,
thou art my ioyful guide.
My soule doeth surely sticke to thee,
thy tryght hande is my power:
And those that seeke my soule to stroy,
the sweorde shal them deuoure.
The kyng and al men shall reioyce,
that doe profesſe Gods worde:
For lyers mouthes shal now be stopt,
that haue the trueth disturbde.

Exurgat deus. psal. lxviii.

¶ Christes glorious kingdome is declarde,
and how he shoulde ascende:
The churche throughout the world doth ioy,
the Iewes law taketh his ende.

LEt God aryse and than hys foes,
wil turne themselues to flyght:

Hys enmies than wil runne abroade,
and ſcatter out of ſyght.
And as the fyre doth melt the wax,
and wynd blow ſmoke away:
So in the preſence of the lorde,
the wicked ſhal decay.
But when the lorde ſhal come to vs
let ryghteous men reioyce:
Let them be glad and mery all,
and chereful in theyr voyce.
And ſyng out laude vnto the lorde,
hys name to magnifye:
That ſytteth as a ſauiour,
aboue the ſtarry ſkye.
That ſame is he that is aboue,
within the holy place:
That father is of fatherles,
and iudge of widdowes caſe.
That ſame is he that in one mynde,
the houſhold doth preſerue:
That bryngeth bondmen out of thral,
when wicked men doe ſterue.
When thou wenteſt out in wylder-
thy maieſty dyd make: (nes

The earth to quake, the heauens drop
the mount Sinai to shake.
Thyne heritage w droppes of grace
ful liberally is weasht:
And whē thy people mourne & playne
by thee they be refresht.
There shal thy congregacion dwel,
where thou doest poynt the place:
Yea for the poore thou doest prepare,
of thyne especial grace.
Thou doest commend thy word O Lorde
and geue thyne holy spryte;
To all that preache thy Gospel pure,
thy glory and thy myght.
Kynges with theyr hostes shall flee
thy word shal geue the foyle: (away,
The housholde of the liuing lord,
shal than deuyde the spoyle.
Than shal the churche be innocent,
and whyte as syluer fyne:
And in good lyke more oriently,
than beaten golde shal shyne.
Whan he ỹ ruleth earthly kynges
the earth shal ordre so:

Than shal the hil of Salmon be,
as whyte as mylke or snowe.
Sins Basan is the hil of God,
and fruitful euery whit:
Than ye the membres of that hyll,
why hop ye out of it?
Sins God is pleased wonders wel,
to dwel within this hyl:
And therin doth determine playne,
for to continue stil.
Whose charettes & hys Angels eke,
be thousandes on a throng:
As in hys mount of Sinai,
the lord is them among.
The lord ascended vp on hye,
and led them bounde with hym:
That long before in bondage lay,
of death and deadly synne.
And as a man receyued giftes,
and gaue them vnto men:
Yea to hys foes he gaue hys spryte,
that God myght dwel in them.
Nowe praysed be the lorde therfore,
and dayly let vs prayse:

Our

Our God that with his benefites,
doth prosper vs alwayes.
He is the God from whome alone,
saluacion cummeth playne:
He is the God by whome we scape,
from euerlasting payne.
This God will wounde his enmies
and breake the heary scalpe: (head
Of those that in theyr wickednes,
continually doe walke.
From Basan will I bring sayde he,
my people and my shepe:
And all myne owne as I haue doone
from daunger of the depe.
And make them dyppe theyr feete in
of those that hate my name: (bloud
And dogges shall haue theyr tonges
with licking of the same. (embrewed
All men may see how thou, O God,
thyne enmies doest deface:
And how thou goest as God & kyng,
into thy holy place.
The syngers goe before with ioy,
the minstrels folow after:

And

And in the middes the damſels playe,
with tumbzel and with taber.
Now in thy congregacions,
O Iſrael prayſe the lozde:
And from the botome of thy heart,
geue thankes with one accozde.
Thy chiefe is litle Beniamin,
thy counſayle pzynces bene:
Of Iuda and of Zabulon,
and eke of Neptalim.
As God hath geuen power to thee,
ſo lozd make hyme and ſure:
The thyng that thou haſt wrought in
foz euer to endure. (vs
Than foz thy temples ſake ſhal kin:
geue giftes to thee alwayes: (ges
Greater then at Ieruſalem,
of euerlaſtyng prayſe.
Whan thou ſhalt waſt ỹ wauering
that rage agaynſt al ryght: (folke
The ſtout, the nyce, the money men,
and thoſe that loue to fyght.
Than out of Egipt ſhal they come,
that long haue bene ful blynde.

The

The Gentiles than shal reconsyle,
to God theyr synful mynde.
Than shal the kingdomes of the
sing prayses to the lorde: (earth,
That ouer al doth sit and send,
to vs hys myghty woord.
Therfore the strength of Israel,
ascrybe to God on hye:
Whose myght & power doth farre ex-
aboue the cloudy skye. (tende,
Gods holynes is wonderful,
and drad for euermore:
And he wil geue hys people power,
praysed be God therfore.

Quam bonus Israel. psal. lxxiii.

He wondreth how the foes of God,
doe prosper and encrease:
And how the good and godly men,
doe seldome liue in peace.

HOw good is God to suche as be,
of pure and perfect heart:
Yet slip my feete away from hym,
my steppes declyne apart.
And why, because I fondly sal,

In enuie and disdayne:
That wicked men all thynges enioye,
without disease or payne.
And beare no yoke vpon theyr necke
nor burden on theyr backe:
And as for store of worldly goodes,
they haue no want or lacke.
And free from al aduersitie,
when other men be shent:
And with the rest they take no parte,
of plage or punishement.
Wherby they be ful glorioussly,
in pryde so high extolde:
And in theyr wrong and violence
be wrapt so manyfolde.
That by aboūdance of theyr goods
they please theyr appetyte:
And do al thinges accordingly,
vnto theyr heartes delyte.
All thinges are vyle in theyr respect,
sauing themselues alone:
They bragge theyr mischiefe openlye,
to make theyr power be knowne.
The heauens and the liuyng lorde,
they

they care not to blaſpheme:
And loke what thing they talke or ſay
the world doth wel eſteme.
The flocke therfore of flatterers,
doe furniſhe vp theyr trayne:
For there they be ful ſure to ſucke,
ſome profit and ſome gayne.
Tuſh tuſh ſay they vnto themſelues
is there a God aboue:
That knoweth and ſuffreth al this ill,
and wil not vs reproue:
Loe, ye maye ſee howe wicked men,
in riches ſtil increaſe:
Rewarded well with worldly goodes,
and liue in reſt and peace.
Than why doe I from wickedneſſe,
my fantaſy refrayne:
And waſhe my handes vp innocentes,
and cleanſe my heart in vayne:
And ſuffer ſcourges euery day,
as ſubiect to al blame:
And euery morning from my youth,
ſuſtayne rebuke and ſhame:
And I had almoſt ſayd as they,
miſlyking

misliking myne estate:
But that I should thy children iudge
as folke vnfortunate.

Thā I bethought me how I might
thys matter vnderstande:
But yet the labour was to great,
for me to take in hande,
Until the tyme I went into,
thy holy place and then:
I vnderstoode ryght perfitly,
the ende of al these men.

And namely howe thou settest them
vpon a slippery place:
And at thy pleasure and thy wil,
thou doest them al deface.

Thā lord how sone do they consume
and fearfully decay:
Muche lyke a dreame when one awa-
theyr image passeth awaye. (keth

Thus grieued was my heart ful sore
my mynd was much oppreſt:
So fond was I and ignorant,
and in thy syght a beast.

Yet neuertheles by my ryght hande,
thou

thou holdest me alwayes faste:
And with thy counsell doeste me gyde,
to glory at the laste.

What place is there prepared than
for me in heauen aboue?
There is nothyng in earth lyke thee
that I desyre or loue.

My flesh and eke my heart do faile,
but God doth fayle me neuer:
For of my heartes God is the strength,
my portyon eke for euer.

And lo, all suche as the forsake,
shall perysshe euerychone:
And those that trust in any thyng,
sauyng in thee alone.

Attendite. Psal. lxxviii.

The couenaunt and the wonderous workes
of God in Israell:
And howe he proued them with plages,
and yet howe ofte they fell.

ATtende my people to my lawe,
and to my wordes inclyne:
My mouth shall speake straunge pa-
and sentences diuine. rables

Whiche we our selues haue hearde
euen of oure fathers olde: (& sene
And whiche for our instruccion,
oure fathers haue vs tolde.

Because we should not kepe it close
from them that should come after:
But shewe the power & glory of God,
and all hys workes of wonder.

With Jacob he the couenaunt made
howe Israell shoulde liue:
And made theyr fathers thesame lawe
vnto theyr children geue.

That they and theyr posterytie,
that were not spronge vp tho:
Shoulde haue the knowledge of the
and teache theyr seede also. (law,

That they myghte haue the better
in God that is aboue: (hope
And not forget to kepe hys lawes
and hys preceptes in loue.

Not beyng as theyr fathers were,
a kynde of suche a sprite:
That woulde not frame theyr wycked
to knowe theyr God aright. (heartes

Howe

Howe wente the people of Ephraim
theyr neighboures for to spoyle:
Shotyng theyr dartes ỹ daye of war,
and yet they toke the foyle:
For why they did not kepe wt God
the couenaunte that was made:
Nor yet would walke or leade theyr li-
accordyng to hys trade. (ues
But put into oblyuion,
hys counsell and hys wyll:
And all hys workes most magnifique
whiche he declared styll.
What wonders to oure forefathers
dyd he hymselfe dysclose:
In Egypt lande within the fielde,
that called is Thaneos:
He did deuyde and cut the sea,
That they might passe at once:
And made the water stande as styll,
as doth an heape of stones.
He lead them secrete in a cloude
by daye when it was bryghte:
And all the nyghte when darke it was
with fyre he gaue them lyghte.

He brake the rockes in wyldernesse,
and gaue the people drynke:
As plentifull as when the depes,
doe flowe vp to the brinke.
He drewe out ryuers out of rockes,
that were both drye and harde:
Of suche aboundaunce ẏ no flouddes
to them myght be comparde.
Yet for all thys agaynste the lorde,
theyr synne dyd styll increase:
And stirred hym that is most hygh
to wrath in wyldernesse.
Attempting him within theyr heartes
lyke people of mystruste:
Requirynge suche a kynde of meate,
as serued to theyr luste.
Saying with murmuracion,
in theyr vnfaythfulnes:
Cannot thys God prepare for vs,
a feaste in wyldernesse?
Beholde, he strake the stonye rocke
and floudes furthwith did flowe:
Dout not that he can geue his folke,
both breade and fleshe also.

Whan God hearde thys he wared
with Jacob and his seede: (wroth
So did hys indignacion
on Israell procede.
Because they did not faithfully
beleue and hope that he:
Could alwaies helpe and succoure thē
in theyr necessitye.
Wherfore he did cōmaunde ỹ clou-
forthwith they brake in sunder: (des
And rained doune *mānā* for thē to eate
a foode of mikell wonder.
When earthly men with Aungels
were fedde at theyr request: (foode
He bad the east wynde blowe awaye,
and brought in the south west.
And rayned doune flesh as thicke as
and foule as thicke as sande: (dust
Whiche he did caste amydde the place
where all theyr tentes dyd stande.
Than dyd they eate exceadingly,
and all men had theyr fylles:
Nothyng did wante to theyr desyre,
he gaue them all theyr wylles.

But as ꝑ meate was in their mou-
hys wrath vpon them fell: (thes
And slewe the floure of all the youth,
and choyse of Israell.
Yet fell they to theyr wonted synne,
and styll they dyd hym greue:
For all the wonders that he wroughte
they had no fast belefe.
Theyr dayes therfore he shortened
and made theyr honour vayne:
Theyr yeares did wast & passe awaye,
with terroure and with payne.
But euer when he plaged them,
they sought hym by and by:
Remẽbring then he was their strength
theyr helpe and God most hye.
Though in theyr mouthes they did
and flatter with the lorde: (but glose
And with theyr tonges and in theyr
dissembled euery worde. (heartes
For why, theyr heartes were nothing
to hym nor to hys trade: (bente
Nor yet to kepe or to perfourme,
the couenaunt that was made.

Yet

Yet was he still so mercyfull,
when they deserued to dye:
That he forgaue them theyr mysdoedes
and woulde not them destroie.
Yea many a time he turned his wrath
and dyd hymselfe auyle:
And woulde not suffer all his whole
displeasure to ayle.
Considering that they were but flesh
and euen as a wynde:
That passeth awaye and cannot well,
returne by hys owne kinde.
Howe often tymes in wyldernes,
dyd they theyr lorde prouoke:
Howe did they moue and styre theyr
to plage them with his stroke? (lord
Yea when they were conuerted wel,
of purpose they woulde moue:
The holy one of Israell,
hys power for to proue.
Not thynking of his hande & power
nor of the daye when he:
Delyuered them out of the bon-
dage of the enemye.

Nor howe he wrought hys miracles
as they them selues behelde:
In Egypt, and the wonders that
he dyd in zoan fielde.

Nor howe he turned by hys power,
theyr waters into bloude:
That no mā might receiue his drynke
at ryuer ne at floude.

Nor how he sent them flies and lice
which did vpon them craull:
And filled the countrye ful of frogges
to trouble them withall.

Nor how he did commit theyr fruites
vnto the caterpiller:
And all the laboure of theyr handes
he gaue to the grasshopper.

With hailestones he destroied their vynes
so that they were all lost:
And also theyr mulberytrees,
he dyd consume with frost.

And yet with hailstones once againe
the lorde theyr cattell smote:
And al theyr flockes & herdes lykewise
with thonder boltes full hote.

He

He cast vpon them in hys ire,
and in his fury stronge:
Displeasure, wrathe, and Aungels yll
to trouble them amonge.

Than to hys wrath he made a waye
and spared not the leaste:
But gaue vnto the pestilence,
the man and eke the beaste.

He strake also the fyrst borne all,
that vp in Egypte cam:
And all that they had laboured for,
within the tentes of Ham.

But as for all hys owne dere folke
he did preserue and kepe:
And carped them through wildernesse
euen lyke a flocke of shepe.

Without all feare both safe & sound
he brought them out of thrall:
Whereas theyr foes with rage of sea,
were ouerwhelmed all.

And brought them out into the bor-
ders of hys holy lande:
Euen to the mount which he had pur-
chased with hys ryghte hande.

And there cast out the heathen folke
and dyd theyr lande deuyde:
And in theyr tentes he set the trybes
of Israell to abyde.

Yet for al this theyr God most high
they styred and tempted styll:
And woulde not kepe hys testamente
nor yet obeye hys wyll.

But as theyr fathers turned backe,
euen so they wente astraye:
Wyche lyke a bowe that woulde not
but brake and starte awaye. (bende,

And greued hym with theyr hil aul-
theyr lightes & with theyr fyre: (ters
And with theyr Idoles vehemently
prouoked hym to Ire.

Therwith hys wrath began againe
to kiendle in hys brest:
The naughtines of Israell,
he dyd so muche deteste.

Than he forsoke the tabernacle
of Sylo, where he was:
Right conuersaunte with earthly men
euen as his dwellyng place.

Than

Than suffered he theyr might & po-
in bondage for to stande: (wer
And gaue the beautye of hys folke
into theyr enmyes hande.
And did commit them to the swoꝛde
wroth with his heritage:
The yong men were deuoured wt fire,
maydes had no maryage.
And with the swoꝛd the pꝛiestes also
dyd peryshe euerichone:
And not a widdowe lefte aliue,
theyr faulte for to bemone.
And than the loꝛde began to wake
like one that slepte a tyme:
Oꝛ lyke a souldier that had bene,
refreshed well with wyne.
With emeraudes in ꝑ hinder partes
he strake hys enmyes all:
And put them then vnto a shame,
that was perpetuall.
Than he the tente and tabernacle
of Joseph dyd refuse:
As for the tryb̄e of Ephraim,
he woulde in no wyse chuse.

But

But chose the trybe of Juda,
where as he thought to dwell:
Euen the mounte of Syon,
whiche he dyd loue so well.

Where as he did hys temple build,
both sumtuously and sure:
Like to ẏ grounde which he hath made
for euer to endure.

Than chose he Dauid him to serue,
his people for to kepe:
Which he toke vp and brought away
euen from the foldes of shepe.

As he did folowe ẏ ewes with yonge
the lorde did him auaunce:
To fede hys people of Israell,
and hys inheritaunce.

Than Dauid with a faithfull heart
hys flocke and charge did feede:
And prudently with all hys power,
dyd gouerne them in deede.

Benedic anima mea. Psal. cliii.

To God for all hys benefites,
wee render thankes eche one:
Who knoweth the frailtie of vs all
and healpeth vs alone.

My

My ſoule geue laude vnto ỹ lord
my ſpryte ſhall do the ſame:
And all the ſecretes of my hearte,
prayſe ye his holy name.

Geue thankes to god for al his giftes
ſhewe not thy ſelfe vnkinde:
And ſuffer not hys benefytes,
to ſlippe out of thy mynde.

That gaue the pardon for thy faute
and the reſtored agayne:
For all thy weake and frayle dyſeaſe,
and healed the of thy payne.

That did redeme thy life from death
from which thou couldeſt not flee:
Hys mercy and compaſſion both,
he did extende to thee.

That fylled with goodnes thy deſire
and did prolonge thy youth:
Lyke as the Egle caſteth her byll,
wherby her age renueth.

The lorde with iuſtice doth reuenge
all ſuche as be oppreſſe:
The patience of the perfecte man,
is turned to the beſte.

His wayes & his cõmaundementes
to Moſes he dyd ſhowe:
His counſels eke with hys conſentes,
the Iſraelites do knowe.

The Lorde is kynde and mercyfull,
when ſynners doth hym greue:
The ſloweſt to conceiue a wrath,
and redyeſt to forgeue.

He chydeth not vs continually,
though wee be full of ſtryfe:
Nor kepeth oure faultes in memorye
for all oure ſynnefull lyfe.

Nor yet accordyng to oure ſynnes
the lorde doth vs regarde:
Nor after oure iniquityes,
he doth not vs rewarde.

But as ỹ ſpace is wonderous great
twixte earth and heauen aboue:
So is his goodnes muche more large
to them that do hym loue.

He doth remoue our ſinnes from vs
and oure offences all:
As farre as is the ſunne ryſyng,
full diſtante from his fall.

And

And loke what pytie parentes dere
vnto theyr chyldren beare:
Lyke pytie beareth the lorde to suche
as worshyp him in feare.

The lorde ỳ made vs knoweth oute
our mould and fashion iust: (shape
Howe weake and fraile our nature is
and howe we be but dust.

And howe the tyme of mortall men
is lyke the wythering hay:
Or lyke the floure right fayre in fielde
that fadeth full sone awaye.

Whose glosse and beautye stormye
do vtterly dysgrace: (wyndes
And make that after theyr assautes
suche blossomes haue no place.

But yet the goodnes of the lorde,
with his shall euer stande:
Theyr chyldrens chyldren do receyue,
hys ryghtwisenes at hande.

That they may kepe theyr promises
with all theyr whole desyre:
And not forget to do the thyng,
that he dyd them requyre.

The

The heauens hye are made the ſeat
and footeſtole of the lorde:
And by his power imperyall,
he gouerneth all the worlde.
Ye Aungels and ye vertuous men
laude ye the lorde I ſaye:
That ye maye both fulfyll hys heſtes,
and to hys wordes obeye.
Hys hooſte and eke hys myniſters,
ceaſſe not but laude hym ſtyll:
And ye alſo that execute
hys pleaſure and hys will.
Let al hys workes in euery place,
geue laude vnto the lorde:
My heart, my mind, and eke my ſoule,
ſhall therunto accorde.

Ad dominum cum tri: Pſal. cxx.

The good men crye and muche lamente,
that they ſo longe do dwell:
In company of carnall men,
the ſonnes of Iſmaell.

In trouble and in thral,
Unto the Lorde I call.

And he doth me comfort:
Deliuer me I say,
From lyers lyppes alway:
And tong of falſe report.
How hurtful is the thyng,
Or els how doth it ſtyng,
The tong of ſuch a lyer?
It hurteth no leſſe I wene,
Then arowes ſharpe and kene,
Of whote conſuming fyer.
Alas to long I dwel,
With the ſonne of Iſmael,
That Chedar is to name:
By whome the folke elect,
And al of Iſaackes ſect,
Are put to open ſhame.
With them that peace dyd hate,
I came a peace to make,
And ſet a quyet lyfe.
But when my woorde was tolde,
Cauſeles I was controlde,
By them that would haue ſtryfe.

123

Ad te leuaui. pſal. cxxiii.

The poore in ſpirite wayte for the lord,
tyl they ſome grace attayne:
The proude and welthy Phariſeis,
the ſympie folke diſdayne.

O Lorde that heauen doeſt poſſeſſe,
I lyft myne eyes to thee:
Euen as the ſeruaunt lifteth hys,
his maſters handes to ſee.
As hādmaydes watch theyr miſtres
ſome grace for to atchieue: (hādes
So we behold the lord our God,
tyll he doe vs forgeue.
Lord graunt vs thy compaſſion,
and mercy in thy ſyght:
For we be fylled and ouercome,
with hatred and deſpyght.
Our myndes bee ſtuffed with great
the ryche and worldly wyſe: (rebuke
Doe make of vs theyr mocking ſtocke
the proude doe vs deſpyſe.

Beati omnes. pſal. cxxviii.

God

God blesseth with hys benefites,
the man and eke the wyfe:
That in hys wayes doe eyghtly walke,
and feare hym al theyr lyfe.

Blessed art thou that feareſt God
and walkeſt in hys waye:
For of thy labour thou ſhalt eate,
happy art thou I ſaye.

Like fruitful vines on ỹ houſe ſides,
ſo doth thy wife ſpryng out:
Thy childrē ſtand like Oliue buddes,
thy table round about.

Thus art thou bleſt ỹ feareſt God,
and he ſhal let thee ſee:
The promiſed Ieruſalem,
and his felicitee.

Thou ſhalt thy childres children ſee,
to thy great ioyes increaſe:
Ful quietly in Iſrael,
to paſſe theyr tyme in peace.

(FINIS.)

Here end the pſalmes drawen into Engliſhe Metre, by. M. Sternholde. (.°.)

To the Reader.

Hou haſt here (gentle reader) vnto the pſalmes that were drawn into Engliſhe metre, by. M. Sternholde. vii. moe adioyned. Not to the intent that they ſhould be fathered on the dead man, and ſo through his eſtimacion to be the more highly eſtemed: Neyther for that they are, in mine opiniō (as touching the Metre) in any part to be compared with his moſt exquiſite dooinges. But eſpecially to fill vp a place, whiche elſ ſhould haue bene voyde, that the booke may ryſe to his iuſt volume. And partly for that they are fruitful, although they be not fyne: And comfortable vnto a chriſtian mynde, although not ſo pleaſant in the mouth or eare. Wherfore, if thou (good reader) ſhalt accept and take this my doing in good part, I haue my hertes deſire herin.

Farew

I H

Psalmes of Dauid in Metre.

Exaltabo te domine. psal. xxx.

¶ The Churche that Goostly Israell,
Her Lorde and God doth prayse:
Whiche from the drede of death and hel,
Doth her defende alwayes.

ALaude & prayse with heart and voyce
O lord I geue to the:
Whiche wilt not see my foes reioyce,
Nor tryumphe ouer me.
O lord my God to thee I cryde,
In al my payne and grieke:
Thou gauest an eare & dydst prouyde
To ease me with relieke.
Of thy good wil thou hast cald backe
My soule from hel to saue:
Thou doest relieue whē strength doth lacke
To kepe me from ỹ graue.
Sing prayse ye sainctes ỹ proue & see,
The goodnes of the lorde:

In memoꝛy of hys maieſtee,
Reioyce with one accoꝛde.
Foꝛ why, hys anger but a ſpace
Doth laſt and ſtake againe:
But yet the fauour of hys grace,
Foꝛ euer doth remayne.
Though gripes of griefe & panges full
Do chaunce vs ouernight: (ſoꝛe,
The loꝛde to ioye ſhall vs reſtoꝛe,
Befoꝛe the dayꝛ be lyght.
When I enioyed the woꝛlde at wyll,
Thus woulde I boaſt and ſaye:
Tuſhe, I am ſure to feele none ill,
Thys welth ſhal not decay.
Foꝛ thou O Loꝛde of thy good grace,
Hadſt ſente me ſtrength and ayde:
But when thou turndſt away thy face
My mynd was ſoꝛe diſmayde.
Wherefoꝛe agayn yet dyd I cꝛye,
To thee O Loꝛd of myght:
My God with playntes I dyd applye
And prayde both day and night.
What gayne is in my bloud ſayd I,

If

If death destroy my dayes:
Doth dust declare thy maiestie,
Or yet thy trueth doth prayse?
Wherfore my God some pitie take,
O lord I thee desyre:
Doe not thys simple soule forsake,
Ok helpe I thee require.
Than dydst thou turne my griefe and (woe
Unto a chereful voyce:
The mourning weede thou tokest me (fro,
And madest me to reioyce.
Wherfore my soule vncessauntly,
Shal syng vnto thy prayse:
My lord my God to thee wil I,
Geue laude and thankes alwayes.

Exulate iusti. psal. xxxiii.

TO prayse thy lord with ioy they ought,
Which are accept thrugh fayth:
God by hys woord techs thyng hath wrought
Al mans defence decayeth.

Ye righteous in the lord reioyce,
It is a semely syght:
That vpryght men w thãkeful voyce
Should prayse the God of myght.
Prayse ye the lord with harpe & song,
In pſalmes and pleasant thynges:
With lute and instrument among,
That soundeth of ten stringes.
Syng to the Lorde a song most newe.
With courage geue hym prayse:
For why his woord is euer true,
His woorkes and al hys wayes.
To iudgement, equitie and right,
He hath a great good wil:
And with hys gyftes he doth delighte,
The earth throughout to fyl.
For by the woord of God alone,
The heauens al were wrought:
Theyr hostes and powers euerychone
Hys breath to passe hath broughte.
The waters great gathered hath he,
On heapes within the shore:
And hyd them in the depth to be,

As

As in an house of stone.
All men on yearth both least and most
Feare ye the lorde hys lawe:
Ye that inhabue in eche coast,
Drede hym and stand in awe.
What he cõmaunded wrought it was
At once with present spede:
What he doth wil is brought to passe
With ful effect in dede.
The counsels of the nacions rude,
The lord doth dryue to nought:
He doth defeate the multitude,
Of theyr deuyse and thought.
But hys decrees continue stil,
They neuer slacke or swage:
The mocions of hys mynde and will,
Take place in euery age.
O blest are they to whome the lorde,
A God and guyde is knowne:
Whome he doth chose of mere accord,
To take them as hys owne.
The lord from heauen cast his sighte,
On men mortal by byrthe:

Conſidering from hys ſeate of might,
The dwellers on the yearth.
The lord I ſay whoſe hand hath wro-
Mans heart & doth it frame: (ught
For he alone doth knowe the thought
And wourking of the ſame.
A kyng that truſteth in hys hoſt,
Shall nought preuayle at length:
The man that of hys myght doth boſt
Shal fall for al his ſtrength.
The heapes of horſemē eke ſhall fayle
Theyr ſturdy ſtedes ſhall ſterue:
The ſtrēgth of horſe ſhal not preuayle
The ryder to preſerue.
But loe, the eyes of God entend,
And watche to ayde the iuſt:
With ſuch as feare hym to offend,
And on hys goodnes truſt.
That he of death and al diſtreſſe,
May ſet theyr ſoules from dreede:
And if that darth the land oppreſſe,
In hunger them to feede.
Wherfore our ſoule doth ſtil depende,

On

On God our strength and staye:
He is the shielde vs to defende,
And dryue al dartes awaye.
Our soule in God hath toy and game,
Reioysyng in hys myght:
For why in hys most holy name,
We hope and much delyght.
Therfore let thy goodnesse, O Lorde,
Still present with vs be:
As we alwayes with one accorde,
Doe onely trust in thee.

Quemadmodum desiderat. psal. xlii.

The faythful soule afflicted here,
Doth sygh, complayne and crye:
Vnto the lord for to draw nere,
Whome wicked men defye.

Lyke as ỹ hart doth breath & bray
The welsprynges to obtayne:
So doth my soule desyre alway,
With thee, Lorde, to remayne.
My soule doth thirst and would draw
The liuing God of myght: (neare

O when ſhal I come and appeare,
In preſence of his ſyght:
The teares al tymes are my repaſt,
Whiche from myne eyes doe ſlyde:
When wicked men crye out ſo faſt,
Where now is God thy gyde:
For comfort thys I cal to mynde,
And ſtretche my ſtrength abrod:
That with the holy I ſhal hyde
Health in the houſe of God.
Enioying with a ioyful voyce,
There ful quiete and reſt:
As with a ſorte that doe reioyce,
And celebrate a feaſt.
Why ſoule why art thou ſad and ſoure,
Why troubleſt me ſo ſore:
Truſt in the lorde & prayſe his power,
That doth thy health reſtore.
When that my ſoule in me, O Lorde,
Doth faynt, I thynke vpon:
The land of Iordan, and recorde,
The litle hil Hermon.
One griefe another in doth cal,

As

As cloudes burſt out theyr voyce:
The floudes of euils that doe fall,
Runne ouer me with noyce.
But yet the lord of hys goodnes,
Doth helpe at al aſſayes:
Wherfore eche nyght I wil not ceaſſe
The liuyng God to prayſe.
I am perſwaded thus to ſay,
To him with pure pretence:
O Lorde thou art my guyde and ſtay,
My rocke and my defence.
Why doe I then in penſyknes,
Hanging the head thus walke:
Whyle that myne enmies me oppreſſe
And vexe me with theyr talke:
For why they perſe myne inward par= (tes
With panges to be abhord:
Whē they crye out wᵗ ſtubberne hear= (tes
Where is thy god thy lord:
So ſone why doſt thou faint & quayle
My ſoule with paynes oppreſt:
With thoughtes why doſt thy ſelfe al= (ſayle
So ſore within my breſt:

Truſt

Truſt in the Lorde thy God alwayes,
And thou the tyme ſhalt ſee:
To geue him thankes with laude and
For health reſtorde to thee. (prayſe

Quid gloriaris. pſal. lii.

THe wicked that the lord deſpyſe,
And truſt in worldly ſtrength:
With ſuche as vſe diſceyte and lyes,
Shalbe deſtroyed at length.

WHy doſt ꝯ Tiraunt boaſt abrod,
Thy wicked workes to prayſe:
Doeſt thou not knowe there is a God,
Whoſe ſtrength doth laſt alwayes:
Why doeth thy mynd yet ſtyll deuyſe,
Suche wicked wyles to warpe:
Thy tong vntrue, in forgetng lyes,
Is lyke a raſour ſharpe.
On miſchiefe why doeſt ſet thy mynde
And wilt not walke vpryght:
Thou haſt more luſt falſe tales to find
Than bryng the trueth to lyght.
Thou doeſt delite in fraude and gyle,

In

In craft, disceyte and wrong:
Thy lyppes haue learnde ỹ flattering
O false disceitful tong. (style
Therfore shall God thy strength con-
And pluck thee frō thy place: (foūd
Thy seede & rootes from of ỹ ground,
At once he shal deface.
The iust when they beholde thy fal,
With feare wil prayse the lord:
And in reproche of thee withal,
Crye out in one accorde.
Beholde the man which would not ta-
The lord for hys defence: (ke
But of his goodes hys God did make
And trust hys owne pretence.
But I an olyue freshe and greene,
Shal spring and spreade abrod:
For why, my trust all tymes hath bene
Upon the liuyng God.
For thys therfore wil I geue prayse,
To hym with heart and voyce:
I wil set furth hys name alwayes,
Wherin his sayntes reioyce.

Deus

Deus venerunt. pſal. lxxix.

There are ſet furth the ſore aſſaultes,
That wicked men inuent:
Againſt Gods churche, whiche ſheweth her
And doth to him lament. (faultes

O Lorde the Gentiles doe inuade,
Thyne heritage to ſpoyle:
Jeruſalem an heape is made,
Thy temple they deſpoyle.
The bodies of thy ſaintes moſt deare
Abrod to byrdes they caſt:
The fleſhe of ſuche as doe thee feare,
The beaſtes deuoure and waſte.
Theyr bloud throughout Jeruſalem,
As water ſpylt they haue:
So that there is not one of them,
To lay theyr dead in graue.
Thus are we made a laughyng ſtocke
Almoſt the world throughout:
The enmyes at vs ieſt and mocke,
[illegible]

Agaynst vs euer fume?
And shewe thy wrath as hote as fyre
Thy folke for to consume?
Upon those people poure the same
Whiche dyd the neuer knowe:
All suche as cal not on thy name,
Consume and ouerthrowe.
For they haue gotte the vpper hande,
And Jacobs seed destroyde:
Hys habytacyon and hys lande
By them is sore anoyde.
Beare not in mynd our former faultes
With spede some pitie showe:
And ayde vs Lorde in all assaultes,
For we are weake and lowe.
O God that geuest al health & grace,
On vs declare the same:
Waye not our workes, our sinnes de-
For honor of thy name. (face
Why shall the wycked styll alwaye
To vs as people domme:
In thy [illegible]
[illegible]

Requite, O Lorde, as thou seest good
Before our eyes in syght:
Of all these folke thy seruantes bloud
Whych they spilte in despyghte.
Receiue into thy sighte in hast
The clamours griefe and wronge:
Of suche as are in pryson cast,
Sustayning yrons stronge.
Thy force and strength to celebrate,
Lorde set them out of band:
Whyche vnto death are destynate,
And in theyr enmies hande.
The nacions which haue bene so bold
As to blaspheme thy name:
Into theyr lappes with seuen folde
Repaye agayne the same.
So we thy folke thy pasture shepe,
Wyll prayse the euermore:
And teache all ages for to kepe
For the lyke prayse in store.

Deus stetit. Psal. lxxxii.

God doth [illegible] the wardelye wyse
And tell them all theyr due:
To suche as wil hys wardes despyse
He sheweth what shall ensue.

A Mid ye prease with mē of myght
The Lorde himselfe did stand:
To pleade the cause of trueth & righte
With iudges of the lande.
Howe longe saide he will you procede,
False iudgemente to awarde:
And haue respect for loue or mede
The wycked to regarde?
Whereas of due ye should defende,
The fatherles and weake:
And when ye poore man doth contend,
In iudgement iustly speake.
If ye be wise defende the cause
Of poore men in theyr righte:
And rydde the nedye from the clawes,
Of tyrauntes force and myghte.
But nothing wil they know or learne,
In vayne to them I talke:
They wil not see or ought discerne,

But ſtyll in darknes walke.
Wherfore be ſure the tyme will come,
Since ye ſuche wayes do take:
That all the yearth from the bottome
My myght ſhall moue and ſhake.
I had decreed it in my ſyghte,
As goddes to take you all:
And chyldren to the mooſte of myghte
For loue I dyd you call,
But notwithſtandyng ye ſhall dye,
As men, and ſo decaye:
Lyke tyrauntes I ſhal you deſtroye,
And plucke you quyte awaye,
Up lord & let thy ſtrength be knowne,
And iudge the worlde with myght:
For why, all nacions are thyne owne
To take them as thy tyghte.

Lauda anima mea. Pſal. cxlvi.

A prayſe of God, in hym alone
All folke ſhoulde hope and truſt:
And not in worldely men, of whome
The chyefe ſhall turne to duſt.

My

My soule praise ỹ the lord always
My God I will confesse:
while breath & lyfe prolong my day=
My mouth no time shal cease, (es
Trust not in worldly Princes then,
Though they aboimde in wealthe:
Nor in the sonnes of mortall men,
In whome there is no health.
For why, theyr breath doth soone de=
To earth anon they fal: (parte,
And than the counsels of theyr heart
Decaye and perysshe all.
O happy is that man I saye
Whome Jacobs God doth ayde:
And he whose hope doth not decaye,
But on the Lorde is staide.
Whyche made the yearth and waters
The heauens hye withall: (depe,
Which doth his word & promise kepe
In trueth, and euer shall.
With right alwayes doth he procede,
For suche as suffre wronge:
The poore and hungry he doth feede

And leuſe the fetters ſtronge.
The Lorde doth eaſe the blynde with (ſight
The lame to limes reſtore: (ſight
The lorde I ſaye doth loue the righte
And iuſt man euermore.
He doth defende the fatherleſs,
The ſtraungers ſadde in herte:
And quite the wyddowe from diſtres,
And all yll wayes ſubuerte.
Thy Lorde and God eternally,
O Syon ſtyll ſhall raygne:
In tyme of all poſterytye
For euer to remayne.

FINIS.

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All faire and white arte thou my churche, and no spot is in thee.